

*Notes Toward a Bedtime Story*

Dishes layered with grease  
Piled in the kitchen sink.

The radiator busted—  
We kept the windows shut,  
Turned on the kitchen stove  
To heat the room.

Pubic lice on the table.  
Saved them in a bottle  
Where they made a little hill.  
Kept it on the windowsill.

The toilet didn't work—  
Clogged with paper, dirt.

Went out to the yard.  
Shitting was hard  
In the frozen mud and snow,  
The wind-chill 10 below.

One wall day-glo orange  
For trips to unknown lands.  
The others day-glo purple  
Spotted with dried spittle.

Wrote passionate poems to Mabel  
(the lice on the kitchen table).  
She seemed to understand.  
Was fucked by Everyman.

Survived on Camels and Vodka  
And a brew of coffee that was blah.  
I was happy, then, I guess  
Until the lights of an ambulance.

Six weeks of treatment. I am well  
Thanks to some little amber pills  
That I keep in a separate bottle  
On the windowsill.